

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

The Devils triangle between Barley, Roughlee and Goldshaw Booth.

In the heart of the serene English countryside, nestled between the charming villages of Barley, Roughlee, and Goldshaw Booth, lay a mysterious and enigmatic place known as the "Devil's Triangle." This was no ordinary triangle, for it held secrets that had intrigued the locals for generations.

The villages themselves were idyllic, each with its own unique character and charm. Barley was known for its picturesque cottages, vibrant gardens, and the gentle babbling brook that meandered through its center. Roughlee boasted a quaint, centuries-old church and a lush green meadow that stretched out towards the horizon. Goldshaw Booth, on the other hand, was a place of tranquility, surrounded by rolling hills and ancient oak trees that seemed to whisper tales of times long past.

But it was the land that lay between these three villages that captured the imagination of those who dwelled there. The Devil's Triangle was a patch of wilderness, a dense forest shrouded in mystery and rumored to be the abode of supernatural forces. Folktales spoke of eerie lights dancing among the trees at night, and whispers of otherworldly voices that carried on the wind. The locals, though curious, kept their distance from the triangle, attributing misfortunes and unexplained happenings to its ominous presence. Children would dare one another to venture near its edge, but none had the courage to penetrate deep into its heart. It was a place of cautionary tales and bedtime stories, a reminder that there were realms beyond the grasp of human understanding.

One summer's eve, as the sun dipped below the horizon and painted the sky with hues of orange and gold, a group of adventurous teenagers gathered at the outskirts of Barley. Among them was Emily, a spirited and curious young girl with fiery red hair, and Thomas, a thoughtful and brave young man who had a penchant for uncovering secrets.

Determined to unravel the mysteries of the Devil's Triangle, Emily and Thomas led their friends into the forest. The trees seemed to close in around them, casting long shadows that danced on the forest floor. As they ventured deeper, the air grew cooler, and an eerie hush enveloped them. They followed a winding path, guided only by their curiosity and a sense of adventure. Soon, they stumbled upon an ancient stone marker, weathered by time and overgrown with moss. It bore cryptic symbols that none could decipher. Undeterred, they pressed on, driven by a desire to uncover the truth that lay hidden within the heart of the triangle.

As night fell, the forest seemed to come alive with whispers and rustling leaves. Unfamiliar constellations glittered overhead, and a sense of both wonder and trepidation gripped the group. Emily's heart pounded as she sensed a presence lurking just beyond their vision, and Thomas's determination wavered as he grappled with the unknown.

Suddenly, a soft, ethereal light bathed the clearing before them, casting an otherworldly glow on the ancient trees. A melodic hum filled the air, resonating with both beauty and melancholy. It was as if the very soul of the forest had awakened.

In that moment, Emily and Thomas understood that the Devil's Triangle was not a place of malevolence, but a realm of ancient magic and untold stories. The whispers they had heard were the echoes of generations past, and the lights were the dance of spirits long gone.

With newfound reverence, they retraced their steps, leaving the heart of the triangle behind. As they emerged from the forest, the first light of dawn painted the sky with hues of pink and gold. They knew that the secrets of the Devil's Triangle were not meant to be fully unraveled, but its mysteries had left an indelible mark on their hearts.

Word of their adventure spread throughout the villages, reigniting a fascination with the

enigmatic triangle. The stories that followed were not of fear, but of wonder and awe. And as the years passed, Emily and Thomas became the keepers of the triangle's legends, ensuring that its magic would live on in the hearts and imaginations of generations to come.

And so, the Devil's Triangle, once shrouded in darkness and fear, became a place of enchantment and reverence, a testament to the enduring power of curiosity and the boundless mysteries that the world still held.

By Donald Jay.